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Emily immediately agreed.

Except for her, Elsie was the only one home. Emily only told the butler where she was going. Then she brought Harold out. After getting in the car, she threw a strawberry-flavored candy to Harold.

Harold looked at the candy. Last time, she also gave him the same candy. He looked at Emily through the rearview mirror. Coincidentally, he met her clear and beautiful eyes.

"Thank you," he said.

Emily just put a peeled candy into her mouth. She looked at the rearview mirror and said, "If you follow me, keep it like this. No matter what Eliot asks you, cover it up for me."

"Okay."

There were risks in choosing Harold as an insider. But in her previous life, Harold had an accident with Maury together. Emily could only bet on Harold. Besides, there was no better candidate than Harold.

Sydnee offered to meet her in a park near the Britt's. When Emily and Harold got there, they saw Sydnee wearing a green dress in the pavilion.

Sydnee's family was doing herb business. She was like Ganoderma, growing alone on a cliff. She looked gentle on the outside, but in fact, her heart was incomparably tenacious.

"Hi." When Sydnee saw Emily, she smiled and greeted her. She opened a large bag behind her and handed some documents to Emily. "I guess you don't want others to know about this, so I chose to meet you here. And these are what I got these days."

What Sydnee handed to Emily were a housing property transfer letter, a house ownership transfer assignment, and other documents.

The house was not directly assigned to Emily. It was assigned to Emily herself from her family first. And then she brought all the necessary certificates to meet Emily here.

Sydnee stood at the side and said, "I will go to the notary office to assign this land to you. But I want to become a shareholder. No matter what business you are in, I want to 10% of your stakes."

Emily was reading the documents when she heard Sydnee's offer. She nodded in agreement instantly. It just so happened that she needed a helper. After a while, she realized something. She raised her head in surprise and asked Sydnee, "You will give me the land for nothing?"

Sydnee nodded, "Yes."

"Actually, I have prepared 50,000 to pay for it." Emily took out a stack of money from her bag.

Sydnee remained silent.

Emily saw the subtle in her expression and whispered, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Sydnee smiled and looked at her watch. "Let's go. I had someone to wait for us over there. Hurry up."

On the way there, Emily whispered to Harold, "What's with her?"

Harold looked at Sydnee's back and whispered, "Miss Emily, the land is public property. Its value is much more than 50,000!"

"Really? How much does it worth?" Emily didn't know much about the price of commodities. "60,000?"

Harold was lost for words.

After finishing all the formalities in the notary office, it was an hour later. It was dark. Emily wanted to treat Sydnee to dinner. So they took a walk while choosing a suitable restaurant for dinner.

Harold called Maury and said Emily went to KFC. Maury had no objections. He only instructed Harold to take good care of Emily. Then Maury hanged up.

Emily walked to a restaurant and was just about to enter. But Sydnee pulled her slightly and whispered, "Let's go to another restaurant."

"Why? I like the light here." Emily asked.

Moreover, this restaurant was far away from the Britt's. No one would recognize her.

And the door attendant had already opened the door for them and bowed, "Welcome, please come in!"

Emily walked in. In an instant, she found out why Sydnee asked her to go to another restaurant just now. Marquise was sitting opposite the door with a few men sitting opposite him. A woman was beside him, lying on his shoulder like she had no bones. She would occasionally feed him some wine and caressed his leg with her soft fingers.

Marquise drank so much that his eyes turned red. He hugged the woman's waist and smiled drunkenly.

After what happened last time, Sydnee was completely disappointed in men. She lowered her eyes slightly and stared out of the window. Emily was a little regretful about coming in. But she was afraid that she would be recognized if she went out now. So she walked to the innermost window seat and sat down.

Harold ordered two dishes according to Emily's preferences, and then he gave the menu to Sydnee.

Maybe because Marquise was drunk, he exclaimed, "That stupid bitch! I had my chance with that woman..."

The men around him were probably all his henchmen. They laughed and asked, "Which woman are you talking about?"

"If it weren't for that scheming bitch Elsie, I would have had sex with Hubery Dickerson's daughter that night!"

"What? Really?"

"I heard that his daughter is upright and aloof. Well, now everyone knows what she's like!"

"Mr. Marquise, I heard that she is a freak. She almost spends all her time in the pharmacy every day. She probably smells of medicine. Why do you like her type?"

Marquise bit the neck of the woman beside him and said, "Because I want to taste something different!"

The woman in her arms said coquettishly, "You are so bad!"

The men around Marquise laughed.

They burst into laughter. However, Sydnee's face was deathly pale. She had never thought that what she did on the spur of the moment would bring her such humiliation!

Emily realized that Hubery was probably Sydnee's father when she saw her expression.

She gave Harold a look. But Harold didn't understand her gaze.

"...?"

Under Harold's puzzled gaze, Emily stood up.

Harold saw her stand and walked out. Soon she was about to walk past Marquise. She picked up a beer bottle. Wait! He had seen her like this before!

Harold quickly rushed over, but he was still late. He witnessed how Emily picked up an empty wine bottle and smashed it at Marquise's forehead! Emily had used brick and smashed it at a man. Now, the same thing happened again!

After a few seconds of silence, there was a scream. The woman beside Marquise shouted and stood up, wanting to rush out.

The group of men on the side realized what happened and immediately grabbed Emily. "Hey, who are you? Is Mr. Marquise fine? We caught this little girl!"

Emily looked at Harold, her big eyes filled with fear and grievance.

Harold was impressed.

'I knew you were pretending.'

Sydnee wanted to rush over. Only now did Harold understand the meaning of Emily's gaze. He immediately stopped Sydnee, made her sit down, and handed her the menu. Then he ordered, "Cover your face."

Sydnee was frightened by his words. She sat there as he said, covered her face with the menu, and quietly look above the menu to see what was happening over there.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 42

Chapter 42 My Last Name Is Scavo

"Wait a moment. This girl looks quite familiar!"

A few men sized Emily up. On the other side, Marquise covered his bloody forehead and stood up. He glared at Emily, gritted his teeth, and shouted, "What the hell are you doing, you retard?"

Finally, everyone came to themselves. Wasn't she Elsie's retarded sister?

Harold rushed forward, pulled Emily behind him, and posed a defensive posture. Marquise stared at him, and the woman beside him was still screaming, "Mr. Marquise, you're bleeding!"

"Shut up!" Marquise roared.

The woman immediately shut her mouth and sat there quietly while staring at Emily and Harold with wide eyes.

The waiter and owner of the restaurant rushed over. A man beside them waved his hand and said, "It's fine. They know each other. It's just a misunderstanding."

After all, the Britts and the Buckleys were going to be joined. No matter what, they would be related. And ... the one who committed the crime was a retard.

Someone handed a towel over from behind. Marquise covered his forehead and glared at Emily. Suddenly, he thought of something and his face turned ferocious. "You were the one who threw that flower pot me that night, weren't you?"

Emily shook her head in fear and stumbled, "It's me, not, not my sister."

Harold was speechless.

He looked down silently at the ground.

Marquise slapped the table and said, "Your sister did this? That bitch planned it! How have I offended her?"

Emily seemed to be frightened and she trembled.

The man beside her echoed, "I guess so. Elsie and her mother are so scheming. Every time, they will use this retarded girl as a scapegoat..."

"This retard probably took you as her brother-in-law already, so when she saw you with another woman... I never expected that a retard would defend her sister."

Seeing that the retard was trembling in fear, Marquise threw away the towel, "Forget it. Since it was your sister, I won't blame this on you. Just leave!"

Harold was surprised.

He finally realized what Emily was capable of and cast a gaze towards her with admiration.

"He's a bad guy. I don't want to see him ... I don't want to eat. I want to go home..." Emily sniffed and shouted at him in grief.

"Alright, alright. I'll leave!" Marquise covered his injured head and walked out. He turned around and looked at Emily. She was a retard. What else could he have except a loss?

Harold was amazed.

As soon as they left, Emily also walked out. Harold turned his head to look at Sydnee and found that her face was filled with shock and admiration. Sydnee sensed his gaze and carried her bag to catch up.

As soon as she got out, she couldn't help but give Emily a thumbs-up. "Oh my God, you are the actress of the year!"

Emily did not smile but just patted her on the shoulder. She was a few years younger than Sydnee and was not as tall as her. It looked somewhat funny when she did this.

"You will meet a better man."

Sydnee was shocked and then smiled. "You are a little girl, yet you talk like an adult."

Emily was rather serious. "Don't rush into marriage. There are good men ahead, and you just have to wait."

Sydnee froze and then said seriously, "Okay."

Harold didn't know what to do.

He felt that he was not supposed to be here.

"These are all high-consumption places. Let's just eat at a cheaper restaurant. We don't have to spend so much money." Sydnee looked at Emily and asked.

Emily nodded. They were at a crossroads. In front of them was the most luxurious restaurant in City Y, Worldwide Restaurant. Vehicles had passed and they walked forward. Emily tilted her head and looked around. She unintentionally saw Kamron, who was answering the phone.

He was wearing a baseball cap, presumably to cover up the bandages on his head. He looked somewhat impatient when talking on the phone. He glanced at his watch from time to time and then walked into Worldwide Restaurant.

Emily didn't know much about Kamron's background, but upon thinking of Sydnee's words, she guessed that Kamron was either a rich man or a powerful official. She followed him and wanted to see who he was going to meet and whether she knew the other party.

Behind her, Sydnee sighed. Seeing that Emily did not turn back, she could only follow her and whispered, "Really? You really want to go in? It's expensive! Your 500,000 is not enough!"

She couldn't help saying it.

Emily turned around and asked in a serious tone, "Is it okay if I don't order anything?"

Sydnee was bereft of words.

So was Harold.

Kamron went into the Worldwide Restaurant and walked through the corridor. Emily lowered her head and stepped inside. A waiter followed behind and asked, "How many of you? Have you made a reservation? May I know your last name?"

Emily thought for a moment, then turned around and said, "Scavo."

Harold was shocked.

So was Sydnee.

The waiter was astounded. He took a good look at her and said respectfully, "Follow me."

Emily followed him and walked inside. Sydnee could not help but say, "Only Mr. Vincent's family has the last name Scavo in City Y. If someone discovers that you are an impostor, you'll be screwed."

Harold trusted Emily somehow. "No, don't worry. She knows what she's doing."

Sydnee was still worried. "She will probably meet Mr. Vincent here."

The waiter stopped at the door of a private room and knocked on the door. "Mr. Vincent, a relative of yours is here."

"..."

Sydnee covered her mouth. Damn, she jinxed it.

Emily did not expect to meet Mr. Vincent here. The scene of the man lowering his head and kissing her as well as his dark eyes in her dream suddenly surfaced in her mind. She had a butterfly in her stomach again.

The door was opened.

Emily waved her hand. "I'll..."

Before she could finish, the door to the private room next to her was opened. Kamron walked out. He was answering the phone impatiently with lowered head. "Are you done?"

They were not far away from each other. As long as he raised his head, he could see her. Emily nervously grabbed Harold and pushed him into the private room.

Sydnee went into the private room as well.

They closed the door. Emily took a deep breath and saw that the room was crowded.

People were sitting around a large table.

The man in the main seat was dressed in a black shirt with the uppermost black and gold button. His tall body leaned leisurely back in the seat, his long left arm placed on the arm of his chair. He held a goblet with his left hand, with his index and middle fingers looking slender and beautiful.

Hearing the movement at the door, he did not look over. Instead, he took a sip of wine. Only then did he slowly raise his chin and see the people at the door. His gaze became focused and his lips curled up subtly.

Emily fixed her eyes on him. Among those people, she only knew him, so she looked at him infatuatedly. When she met the man's gaze, her heart beat faster.

'He is not Eliot. I can't take him as Eliot.'

She thought to herself.

Almost everyone present witnessed how Vincent kissed the girl by force. Looking at Arabella sitting beside Vincent, everyone couldn't help but cough.

"What's wrong with you guys? Did you catch a cold?" Arabella, who was in the dark, asked.

They coughed even harder

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 43

Chapter 43 Sir

Rex led Emily over and said, "Come here, Miss Emily, have a seat."

Jaquan, who was sitting on Vincent's right, stood up and emptied the seat. "Sit here."

Emily looked at the girl sitting on Vincent's left. She was very beautiful and wore exquisite makeup. Even though she was eating, the lipstick on her lips did not fade.

They should be a couple?

Emily thought of this and felt that she shouldn't sit there. She hesitated and didn't go over.

Sydnee was dumbfounded. Vincent had always been moody. He didn't like to be disturbed and he didn't like girls getting too close to him except Arabella Peck, who he grew up with. However, she would only be seen with him when he was with his other friends. They had never been seen being alone.

If Emily were another girl, she would have been kicked out of the room. However, not only did the people inside not chase her out, but Jaquan stepped aside and Rex came over to invite Emily to sit down respectfully.

Sydnee felt that the information was so abundant that she could not digest it.

Jaquan saw that Emily didn't come over, so he walked towards her and pulled her. "It's okay. Sit here."

Emily frowned, and Jaquan had already pressed her onto the chair that was on Vincent's right.

Arabella found it amusing. Most of the people who offered women to Vincent had been taught a lesson and they didn't dare to do it again. She waited for Vincent to get angry and Jaquan to suffer. But after a while, not only did she not see such a scene, but she saw Vincent grab a clean goblet and put it in front of the girl.

....

It was a wonder!

Nobody had seen Vincent fetch things for others!

Even if Arabella had been followed him for so many years, she didn't even see him serve his grandfather a cup of tea!

She sensed potential danger and couldn't help smiling and asking, "Vincent, who is she?"

Emily was afraid to create a misunderstanding, so she pretended to be nervous and scared, saying, "Hello, young lady."

Arabella raised her eyebrows. Recalling that Rex just called her Miss Emily, she realized something and said, "Oh, you are that re..."

The word retard was not finished.

She saw Vincent change his posture and place his long arm on the chair where Emily was sitting. His voice was low and sexy. "Yeah, she's my girlfriend."

"What?"

Ferne spat out the wine in his mouth to Armando's face. "Holy shit! Vincent, you are..." He turned his head and met Vincent's dark eyes. He swallowed. "Awesome!"

Armando wiped his face.

Randy fanned himself and smiled meaningfully at Jaquan.

Jaquan just stared at Arabella. He was holding a goblet in his hand and his joints paled because of exertion of strength.

Arabella widened her eyes. She couldn't believe it, so she laughed out loud, "Vincent, are you joking?"

However, she knew that Vincent would never joke.

The chopsticks in Emily's hand fell to the ground.

Sydney stood there like she was struck by lightning.

And Harold looked the same. The dumb, big man was in a daze.

The private room was silent and only Vincent's low voice and the sound of his index finger tapping on the back of the chair could be heard. His words were like a hammer hitting everyone's hearts. "You are here for me?"

They had never seen Vincent talking to someone in such a doting tone!

The Guards wished they were blind! Wasn't their master immune to women? 'Hey, Mr. Vincent, wake up!'

Emily thought to herself. 'He is not Eliot.'

Then she looked up at the center of the table and pursed her lips. "I'm hungry."

"What do you want to eat?"

Vincent stretched out his chopsticks. Only then did Emily notice that he was left-handed.

The man has long arms, and his fingers holding the chopsticks were so slender and beautiful. His black cuff link shone with a dazzling light like that from a diamond and the

light was refracted into Emily's eyes. She tilted her head to avoid it and saw that other people on the table were all dumbfounded with O-shaped mouths.

Including Rex, who was standing at the door?

Everyone looked like they had seen a miracle.

And Arabella's eyes were bloodshot with jealousy and grievances because of her being neglected.

Emily shifted her gaze away and decided to play retard. She pouted and said, "Ice cream."

Vincent withdrew his chopsticks and winked at Rex. When Rex received the message, he immediately opened the door and brought a plate of ice cream in all kinds of flavors to Emily.

"Miss Emily, pick one."

Emily was speechless.

She felt that the atmosphere in the private room was weird. She casually took the strawberry-flavored ice cream and called to Sydnee, "Have one."

Sydnee didn't know what she was up to. She just said, "Eating icy food is bad for your stomach. You haven't eaten dinner yet, you should get something for your stomach first."

"Oh." Emily bulged her cheeks and handed the ice cream back to Rex. Then, she stood up and grabbed a drumstick from the table, and stuffed it into her mouth. She took a big bite and showed it to Arabella so that she could see it more clearly.

'She's just a retard. Don't misunderstand or get angry. She just came in to hide away and will leave soon.'

Seeing her way to eat, Arabella was shocked and disgusted.

People from large families were particular about eating and would learn eating etiquette, including training for each utensil used during meals.

Emily deliberately ate like that until her mouth was oily. Just as she was about to raise her arm and wipe it with her sleeve, she was stopped by a big hand. The man's fingertips

were warm. He held her chin, lifted it, and then patiently wiped her mouth with a wet towel.

The Guards were busy taking pictures.

Rex looked down at his feet in silence.

Sydnee's mouth widened so much that it could almost accommodate a fist.

Ferne spat out another mouthful of wine, and Armando snatched Randy's fan to shield himself.

Randy took the wine bottle as if he was going to smash someone. The crowd was in a mess, and the private room was filled with all sorts of noise.

Arabella finally couldn't take it and stand up. "Vincent!"

Emily also stood up. She slapped Vincent's hand and said with a frown, "Don't touch me."

Arabella was so enraged that she glared at Emily. "Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to Vincent like this? You retard, you..."

Vincent threw away the towel and stood up. He glanced indifferently at Arabella and said, "You're so noisy."

Arabella seemed to have been slapped and her entire face flushed. Her eyes instantly welled up with tears. "Vincent, you think I'm noisy?"

Emily had watched a lot of TV dramas. At that time, she couldn't understand it. Now, when she thought about it, the plot of the love triangle coincided with the current situation, and she was the home wrecker.

Back then, her mother was the victim of such a triangle, and she wouldn't allow it to happen to herself.

"Goodbye, sir." She bowed to Vincent. "Thank you for the ice cream."

Then, she turned around and left.

Sir...?

Did she misunderstand?

Arabella stood there, dumbfounded, and she forgot about crying.

Ferne spat out wine again, and Armando blocked it with Randy.

Rex was petrified. He turned around and saw Sydnee, who had the same expression. The two stared at each other and then tacitly shifted their gaze away.

Vincent stood there, putting on a faint smile. There seemed to be light flashing through his eyes.

Emily opened the door and went out. She then saw Kamron standing in the corridor and making a phone call. She didn't know how long he had been on the phone. Now he was walking back. And she immediately turned around.

But she bumped into someone. The man was very sturdy. She thought that she had bumped into Harold, so she grabbed the man's arm and whispered, "Let's go."

A pleasant voice sounded, "Where do you want to take me?"

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Chapter 44 Daddy

Emily froze.

When she raised her head and met the man's dark eyes, she couldn't react. She looked down and saw the man's thin and beautiful lips that were like the work of a sculptor.

Vincent noticed her gaze and suddenly extended his thumb to wipe his lower lip. His voice carried joy. "Do I look good?"

Emily reacted when she heard this, and she covered her mouth and retreated.

Behind him, Kamron's voice was getting closer and closer. "I gotta go. Don't call me again. I'm busy."

Emily lowered her head to avoid his line of sight. Unfortunately, Vincent was standing in front of her. He was as lofty as a mountain and there was no room for her to escape. The footsteps were getting closer and closer. Emily had no choice but to hug Vincent's arms and shouted, "Daddy, hug me!"

Even the aloof Vincent had twitching lips, let alone the crowd in the private room.

Rex, who was at the door, was petrified.

Arabella, who just came out, was the same.

So was Jaquan.

And the four Guards.

Ferne could no longer spit out anything. He was pressed down against the table by Armando. Randy was wiping his folded fan with a towel. The private room door was wide open. Hearing this, the three people inside froze on the spot. Their pupils gradually dilated and the shape of their mouth gradually unified. Then, they said two words in unison, "Holy shit..."

Sydnee looked at Harold and found that he seemed to have been paralyzed. His face was stiff and expressionless.

She was very curious about Vincent's expression. She couldn't help but lean forward and saw Vincent stretch out his hand and hug her. Then, he strode forward... Wait a minute! Forward?

Kamron had entered the private room. The crisis was resolved. Just as Emily was about to come down, she felt the man moving. She grabbed Vincent's collar in surprise and asked, "Hey! What are you doing?"

Vincent didn't even look at her and said indifferently, "Daddy will take you home."

Emily was speechless.

She felt that she had shot herself in the foot.

This was the first time that the guests and waiters of the Worldwide Restaurant had seen Vincent carrying a girl out. They thought of Arabella, who had just returned from studying abroad, and believed Vincent must have fallen in love with her.

They watched happily until they saw Arabella following behind. Only then did they realize that something was wrong. Damn! Arabella was here, then ... who was the girl in Vincent's arms?

The crowd was in chaos!

Emily covered her face. Seeing that more and more people were staring at her, she covered herself with Vincent's coat!

The surroundings suddenly became quiet.

The man also stopped. Just as Emily was wondering why he stopped again, she felt hot breathing on her ears.

...

She covered both of them with the coat!

Their heads were so close that she could smell her, which was the combination of a faint smell of nicotine and his exclusive cold aura.

Inexplicably, her heart began to beat wildly again. Her chest was opposite to his, and she was nervous that he would hear her heartbeat. She grabbed the coat and covered her head while struggling down from his arms. She realized that she was at the entrance of the restaurant. She covered her face so that she could not be seen. Then, she rushed forward like an arrow.

Vincent was in the limelight, so she couldn't be too close to him, let alone be discovered!

Everyone just saw a petite figure with Vincent's coat on her head running very fast!

Harold followed.

Although the crowd did not know who the girl was, Harold caught their attention and many of them yelled in shock.

"Isn't that Maury's driver?"

"Yes, I heard that he has been assigned to be Emily's bodyguard."

"Holy shit, you mean that girl is the retard from the Britts?"

"I didn't say that..."

"Then what the hell did you mean?"

Vincent stood at the door and tilted his head. Rex, who was behind him, handed over a cigarette and lit it.

The man narrowed his eyes and smoked, but in his mind, he was thinking about the girl's rosy lips when she held the cigarette with her mouth.

His eyes gradually darkened. He bit the cigarette and looked down at his palm. The feeling of touching her lingered on his fingertips. She looked rather skinny but felt so soft.

"Mr. Vincent?" Rex risked his life to speak. He winked at Vincent, signaling him to look back.

Vincent turned around and saw Arabella standing there with red eyes. Jaquan and Ferne were chatting around her.

He put out the cigarette and exhaled the smoke. Then, he got on the car resolutely and said, "Let's go."

The car door was opened and closed, and just as Arabella arrived at the entrance, she saw the cold and handsome profile of the man.

She stamped her foot and her eyes turned red, "Why would Vincent do this to me? What did I do wrong? I just went abroad to study. I've waited for him for so long! Why would he refuse me just because of a retard? Why?"

Randy interrupted, "Vincent didn't like you. The past means nothing. It's just your wishful thinking."

Arabella was so hurt by this sentence that she covered her face and ran away.

Jaquan glared at him. "Will you stop talking?"

Randy sneered, "Idiot, you can't even tell that I'm helping you. No wonder you are destined to be a simp!"

Jaquan was furious and grabbed his collar. "Say that again?"

Randy sneered and pointed his face with the fan, "Hit me, right here!"

They all knew that for Randy, nothing was more important than his face. He would rather die than be slapped in the face.

Jaquan said fiercely, "Do you think I don't dare?"

Ferne and Armando came over to mediate, "Don't, don't fight! Don't be impulsive! Actually ... I don't think Randy is wrong..."

Jaquan suddenly turned his head and said, "You took his side?"

"No, it's ..." Armando wanted to explain. Jaquan had released Randy and pointed at them, saying "good" three times.

"Alright, you don't take me as your friend, do you? Alright then, don't fucking ask me for help!"

He left this sentence and chased after Arabella.

Randy tidied his collar and cursed, "Moron."

Before getting into the car, Randy turned to look at Ferne and Armando and shook the fan in his hand. "I think Vincent probably has fallen for this girl, but ... that girl probably doesn't love him."

"Holy shit! What are you talking about? How can there be someone not attracted by Vincent?" Ferne said in disbelief. "She's just a retard. She'll definitely fall in love with Vincent!"

Armando nodded.

Randy shrugged. "Believe it or not."

After he finished speaking, he snapped his fingers, and cartoon music sounded again. Ferne and Armando quickly stepped aside.

The music in the car changed again. A cute girl was dancing in the darkness for a while and then stopped. She opened the car door and made a gesture of invitation. "Get in the car, my master. I'm willing to serve you and be your slave for the rest of my life. I'll only listen to your words."

Ferne rolled his eyes.

Armando covered his face. Fortunately, he had run away from Randy.

Billionaire's Reborn Baby chapter 45

Chapter 45 The Mark

When Jaquan caught up to Arabella, she was squatting under a tree and making a phone call. She curled up and drew circles on the ground with her fingers in uneasiness.

"Vincent, I'll just ask you one question. Did you mean what you said in the private room just now?"

Jaquan didn't know what Vincent said on the phone, but Arabella hung up. It looked like she was under hypnosis.

And she silently stared at the ground.

Jaquan walked over and draped his coat over her.

Arabella looked up and saw him. Tears suddenly flowed out of her eyes as she asked in a low voice, "Are you here to laugh at me?"

Jaquan wiped away her tears with his thumb and sighed, "Arabella, you know I love you. I will never laugh at you."

"But I don't want your love!" Arabella cried out loud. "I want Vincent! I've liked him for so many years! Why did he find a retard all of a sudden? Why? How am I worse than that retard?"

Jaquan also wanted to roar. 'I've liked you for so many years, but why won't you give me a chance!'

But he didn't say it. He just lowered his head and suddenly said, "She's not a retard."

"You speak for her!" Arabella stood up indignantly. She was still crying. She looked so beautiful when shedding tears under the street lamp, but in a flash, her tears were replaced by hatred. "I don't want to see her!"

There were two kids in the Pecks. One was bold and the other was weak and timid. Unfortunately, the bold one was a girl, while the weak one, the family's inheritor, was incorrigible. Because of autism and fear of darkness, he had never left the house. The Pecks made it clear to the public that they would make Arabella the successor. That was why Arabella went to study abroad four years ago.

At that time, before she left, she asked those friends to keep an eye on Vincent so that no vixens could get close. They joked, "Everyone knows that Vincent won't get close to women except you..."

Arabella thought that Vincent knew she was in love with him all this time. And the mental support when she was abroad was the wish that she could marry Vincent after she's back. However, she didn't expect that a retard would take her place!

How could she bear it?

Jaquan was so familiar with Arabella that he understood her emotions. He immediately stopped her and said, "Arabella, don't act rashly. Vincent is serious this time."

Arabella avoided him and walked forward. "Don't get in the way."

"He marked her." Behind her, Jaquan said calmly, "He gave her his first kiss."

Arabella suddenly turned her head and her eyes instantly reddened. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she covered her head and screamed, "No way! You are lying!"

"We saw it." Jaquan walked over and supported her shoulder. "I, Ferne, Armando, and Randy. We all saw it."

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" Arabella tried hard to break free, but she couldn't. Because she was too angry, she accidentally slapped him.

It was finally quiet.

Arabella stared at him and suddenly hugged him in grief and cried, "How could I have a breakup the moment I was back? Why... Why doesn't Vincent like me....? Why? Am I a bad girl ...?"

"Arabella." Jaquan hugged her and caressed her back. "Be with me, okay?" He asked softly.

Arabella was still crying.

Jaquan whispered in her ear, "I like you. I've always liked you since I was a child."

After a long time, Arabella finally stopped crying.

Jaquan held her in his arms and was about to return by car.

Halfway through, Arabella suddenly asked him, "Jaquan, can you do something for me?"

This was the first time Arabella addressed him by name. Jaquan was so happy that he immediately nodded. "Okay!"

...

When Emily returned to the Britt's, it was late. After she came out of the restaurant, she waited for Sydnee. Then, the three went to buy a locker and Emily locked the property ownership certificate inside. Afterward, she gave the key to Harold.

Without saying a word, Harold put the key into the pocket of his shirt.

On the way back, Sydnee wanted to ask something, but she didn't know how to say it. She just looked at Emily from time to time. In her memory, Emily was still the little girl who wouldn't grow up. She was in a white lace dress, had a soft and cute face, and sweetly called Eliot and Elsie. She was smiling, sensible, and obedient.

Unlike the current her, who was looking out of the window expressionlessly with cold eyes.

What exactly happened to her?

"You don't need to be curious about my relationship with him." Emily looked out of the window and said without raising her head, "I'm just a retard."

Sydnee was speechless.

'Your ability to read people indicated otherwise, okay?'

Harold looked at the two people in the backseat through the rearview mirror. Although he was usually dumb, it didn't mean that he could be calm when he heard Emily being called girlfriend by Vincent and saw her hugged in public by him.

A dumb man might look dumber because of shock, and others might mistake it as being mature.

But it wasn't like that. He hadn't come to himself yet. After all, it was Mr. Vincent. It would be hard to find him a match in City Y. And even if there was one, it wouldn't be Emily!

Harold recalled Emily's strange behaviors these days, and suddenly realized something. Emily could change her style, so it was reasonable for Vincent to change his taste... No. No matter how much he changed, he wouldn't love Emily. She was not even an adult!

They were about to arrive at the Dickerson's. Emily turned her head to look at Sydnee and said, "I'll go to the Tea Manor in two days. Will you be there?"

"Yeah." Sydnee packed her bag and thanked her again before getting out of the car. Then, she waved her hand and said, "Text me."

"Alright."

This was the second time Emily had come home late.

She thought only Eliot would be waiting in the living room and she didn't expect the whole family to be there. All of their faces were gloomy. Beverly sat there and didn't say anything when she saw Emily coming back. Elsie sat on the sofa with an ashen face. Only Maury and Eliot were standing in the living room.

"Have you had dinner?" It was Eliot who noticed her and walked over to feel her hand. "It's cold. Go wash your hands with warm water."

"Alright." Emily washed her hands and came back. Sensing that the atmosphere was still gloomy, she couldn't help but ask, "Eliot, what's wrong?"

Since something like that had happened this afternoon, even if the marriage between the Buckleys and the Britts wouldn't be canceled, the Buckleys would do something to make it difficult for Elsie. Emily knew it, but she just pretended to be in the dark and asked.

Eliot explained in a low voice, "The Buckleys had planned to come over tomorrow and talk about the engagement. But they called and said that Marquise's head was injured. The engagement was postponed until the end of the year."

"You talked too much. How can she understand?" Maury frowned and turned his head to look at Emily. He softened his expression and said, "Are you tired? Just go to bed."

Emily blinked her big eyes and carefully said to Maury, "Good night, dad."

Eliot caressed her head and said, "Don't be afraid. It's fine. Go to sleep."

How could he know that his little retarded sister was the one behind this thing that he was worried about all night?